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imperial proclamations were always to be credited—it was evident, indeed, that they were not. The insurgents advanced; they seized the southern basins of the Great Canal; they commanded the mouths of the Yang-tse-kiang. One imperial army after another was defeated; they threatened Peking itself. They became forthwith *patriots*. Who shall say, after this, that there is nothing in a name? Nothing in a name! robbers and patriots convertible terms! Verily there is much in a name. Success will afford a healing plaster for many wounded consciences; success will blind the eyes of most lookers-on. A man makes a great leap to attain a distant blessing—he fails, and people laugh at his temerity; he succeeds, and they applaud his heroism. Had the Chinese insurrection perished in its first efforts in the South, we should have heard of it only as the troubles caused by a few paltry robbers.

Hien-foung, which, being interpreted, means Complete Abundance, is the present emperor of China, the Mantchoo sovereign who reigns in Peking. He is but twenty-two years of age, “a young man,” says M. Callery, “of middle height, his form indicating great aptitude for bodily exercises. He is slender and muscular, has a high forehead, and a defective obliquity of the eyes,” which latter means, in plain English, that his majesty squints. “His cheek-bones are very prominent, and strongly marked. The space between his eyes is broad and flat, like the forehead of a buffalo.” By no means a flattering simile, M. Callery! for, although Juno was called the ox-eyed, that is no reason why Complete Abundance should be likened to a buffalo. There is little to be added to this sketch of Complete Abundance, save this, that he appears to be always in want of money.

Tien-te, the head of the insurrection, and the representative of the Ming dynasty, is also a young man, only a year or so older than

Complete Abundance. “Study and want of rest,” says M. Callery, “have made him prematurely old. He is grave and melancholy, leads a very retired life, and only communicates with those about him when he gives his orders.” Tien-te means Celestial Virtue; and the cunning Chinese, anxious to obtain the favour of the western barbarians, assured them that this Celestial Virtue was really a Christian at heart, and intended establishing Christianity when he became emperor. The fact of his having thirty wives, however, when it became known, made the Europeans look with suspicion on Celestial Virtue's Christianity, as well they might. So they have left Complete Abundance and him to fight it out, their sympathies, perhaps, being with the insurgents, their diplomatic communication still, however, with the Mantchoo and his officers. Certain it is, that the insurgents have shown no favour whatever to Buddhism, which is the religion of the Mantchoo court, since they have invariably destroyed its temples and images as they have advanced. Whether they intend to restore the system of Confucius, or to amalgamate it with some of the truths of Christianity, does not yet sufficiently appear. They seem to have correct ideas on the subject of the Deity and of his nature, ideas probably obtained from Christian sources. It is almost certain, however, that if they do succeed, the insurgents will settle down into the old political forms; all their sympathies and tendencies seem to point in that direction. Recent accounts leave it doubtful whether they will succeed at all. They have got to within a hundred miles of Peking, having traversed a district of country as extensive as the whole of European Russia. They have been almost uniformly successful hitherto; but the fierce Tartar tribes may possibly be too much for them, if the latest intelligence on the subject is to be credited.

A VISIT TO THE EAST.

In a recent entertaining work, entitled “Scenes in Eastern Life,” occurs the following amusing episode, which we give without vouching for the strict accuracy of every particular:—

Stanislas Duhamel was a *blasé* Parisian. He had exhausted all the enjoyments of life, and wasted all his energies in the feverish pursuit of pleasure. As a student, a man of fashion, a politician, a mercantile man, and a lieutenant in the National Guards, he had been foremost in all sorts of exciting scenes, till at last, having run the whole round of worldly activity, he sat down like Alexander the Great, and mourned that he had not another career open to him. In his vexation and embarrassment for want of yet one more part to play, one additional scene in the drama of life, he suddenly bethought him of an expedient which promised to answer his purpose admirably. He would go to Constantinople, assume the turban, and become a thorough Mahomedan. He would get a palace with beautiful fountains, a palanquin, with a procession of slaves, etc. etc. As he dwelt upon the bright visions of enjoyment opening up before his mind's eye, his heart throbbed with delight, his jaded emotions once more resumed their intensity, and the exclamation—*La Alla ila, Alla!* burst forth from his lips.

Without delay he was off to Marseilles, and in the course of a week or two landed safely at Constantinople, where he hired a splendid palace, of which the reader may form some conception from our engraving (p. 164). It was surrounded by a court, a garden, fine colonnades, and shady avenues, and had a marble pavement, fountains, arabesques, and whatever else could contribute to elegance or use. The Parisian was delighted with his new abode, which appeared quite a Mahomedan paradise. But before an hour had passed in self-congratulations, he began to feel painfully conscious of some serious defects. In the first place, he did not like the solitude in which he found himself. Then the windows, though artistically formed, were none of them glazed, so that the heat by day and damp by night had free admission, bringing ophthalmia and rheumatism in their train. “We must remedy this,” said he to his dragoman, “by getting some splendid furniture and a company of dancing-girls.” Accordingly, the dragoman went to the nearest bazaar, and the furniture was supplied the same evening. It consisted of sofas made of palm-wood, stuffed with cotton and covered with Persian silk, divans and beds, a small

round table, curtains, mats, caps, pipes and narguilehs. Highly delighted with the way in which he had fulfilled his commission, the dragoman exclaimed: “Here you have furniture fit for the reception of a pasha himself.”

Our hero had also a numerous suite of personal attendants, including a secretary, a treasurer, two cooks, three pipe-bearers, four coffee-servers, five interpreters, and six ass-drivers, not to mention an armour-bearer, a groom to hold his horse, and several extra hands to assist the others. “At any rate,” said he himself, “I shall be well waited on.” Next day, however, his cooks brought him lean chickens hatched in the oven, dog's flesh dressed up as mutton, and dried locusts from Egypt, the whole seasoned to a fiery heat with pepper and mustard. He soon began to find out what it is to be the slave of slaves. Each of his servants being professedly about his appropriate work, and most of them taking their *siesta* in the middle of the day, he could never get their attention when he wanted. If he had occasion for the ass-driver, he stumbled upon the secretary, and *vice versa*. The extra hands were indignant when he asked them to shut the door, or do anything else so far beneath their dignity. His horse was never saddled except for his groom to have a ride. The pipe-bearers and coffee-servers brought him a hundred pipes and as many cups of coffee a-day, that they might regale themselves at his expense. All the neighbours and passers-by came in to squat upon his divans, smoke his tobacco, and taste his mocha coffee. To crown all, the *entente cordiale*, which subsisted between the tradespeople and his servants, was productive of ruinous results.

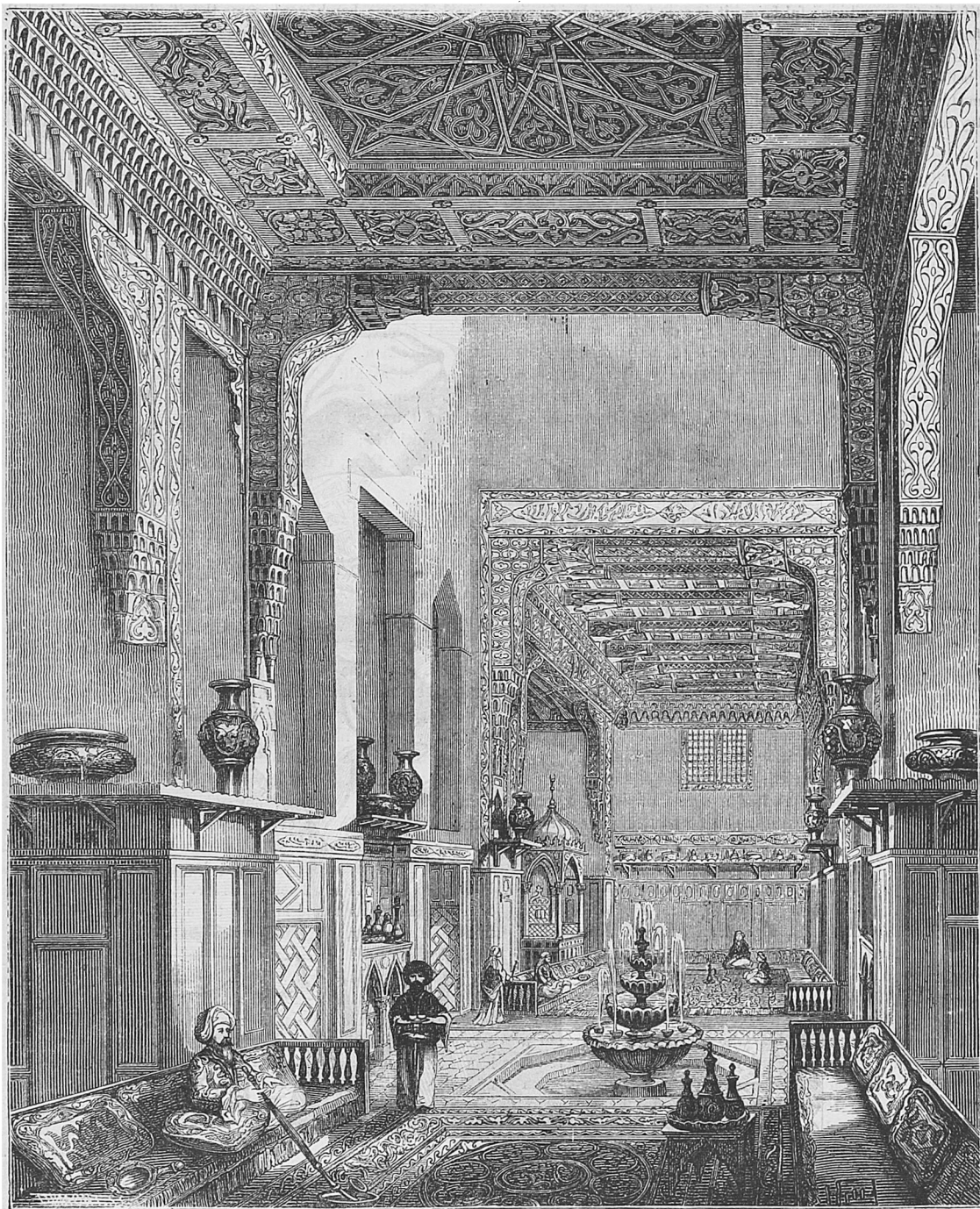
Unable to endure this any longer, Stanislas determined to put an end to it by turning Turk in real earnest. Off he ran to a barber, who, in little more than a twinkling, completely shaved his head, with the exception of one small tuft of hair on the top of his cranium.

“But why leave this tuft?” he asked.

“For the day when you have your head cut off,” replied the barber. “Every good Mussulman ought to be prepared for that operation, particularly those who were originally Christians, as they rarely escape this fate. Without this tuft for the executioner to lay hold of when he shows your head to the crowd, he would have to take you by the nose—an indignity past all bearing.” The

poor Frenchman shuddered and shrugged his shoulders, but had not the heart to attempt any reply, and therefore made the best of his way home. As soon as he arrived, he ordered the *almehs* or dancing-girls to be sent for to soothe his perturbed spirit. Several were introduced, most brilliantly attired, and promising to delight him with a fine display of their art. They danced awkwardly and sang badly, but he tried to persuade himself they were adorable.

after a comely show of reluctance, to accept his hand. The wedding-day arrived, on which he was at length to realise the happiness of which he had so long vainly dreamt. His bride had always kept her face most sacredly veiled until the ceremony was completed. When there was no longer any reason for further reserve, she suffered him to lift her veil, and he had the felicity of discovering that she was an old Parisian dressmaker ! On making application



INTERIOR OF A TURKISH PALACE.

When, however, after continuing their evolutions for some time, they came and bowed themselves before him and he approached them to give each a handsome gratuity, according to eastern custom, what was his horror and dismay to find that these pretended *dancers* were men in women's dress !

To replenish his purse and solace his heart, he resolved, as a last resource, to take to himself a rich wife. He was not long in meeting with a lady said to be possessed of an ample fortune, and willing,

for the dowry, he was informed that in the East it was the husband who furnished that. This was more than he could bear. His constitution gave way under such repeated blows. He was attacked with brain-fever, from which, however, he at last recovered, in spite of the remedies prescribed by the physicians ; and then, after encountering many serious obstacles in succession, he managed to make his escape to Paris, where he was now reconciled to a mode of life which had before been a source of constant dissatisfaction.